Numb. 51.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, January the 17th. 1681.

Earn. IN truth, I thought what 'twould come to. Our *True* Proteſtants are juſt like your cunning Rogue, who running away from Juſtice cries *ſtop Thief, ſtop Thief*, that ſo no body may ſuſpect him to be the man.

Jeſt. I ſhould gueſs now by your words, that ſome demure Anti babylonian Brother had plaid you a Jeſuitical trick.

Earn. Right: Popery you know has been run down of late with full cry, and juſtly rendred odious upon the ſcore of that connivence may be had from it for breach of Oath, Equivocations and Lyes. And yet at laſt our Whigs with their through pac'd Conſciences having found the ſame Arts to be neceſſary to their deſigns, have roundly took up the Trade, and I fear, will outdo the Original,

Jeſt. Like enough. *Hudibras* my good Friend ſays,

> *Thoſe Saints whom* Promiſes *oblige*
> *Know little of their Priviledg,*
> *Further (I mean) than carrying on*
> *Some ſelf-advantage of their own.*
> *For if the Dev'l, to ſerve his turn,*
> *Can tell Truth; why the Saints ſhould ſcorn,*
> *When it ſerves theirs, to* ſwear *or* lye,
> *I think there's little reaſon why.*

But pray what new Examples have we of this *True Proteſtant Popery?* for for the *Ignoramus*'s they ſtink above ground ſufficiently.

Earn. The whole Tribe are everlaſting inſtances, even from *Dick Implement* up to Sir *Unworthy* himſelf. One of 'em t'other day ſwore *before God*, and promiſed he would not hold a certain Office, but ſome-body inform'd him that you and I had wrong'd him; and to be reveng'd of us, he has abſolv'd himſelf of his Oath, and will hold rain or ſhine.

Jeſt. People knowing him to be very ſimple, impoſe any thing upon him; and if you can produce no more Promiſe-breakers, than he, you do nothing.

Earn. Perhaps the next may be but an Equivotion. A man in Authority promiſes to examin a Poll-book by the Poors-book, now for *downright* breach of *Promiſe*, he's againſt that; but 'tis all one, if he put off the Performance of it till the Poll being declared, it cannot anſwer any end.

Jeſt. Now you talk of that, did not you hear that when he deny'd that he ſtrook a man in the Church, and an honeſt Gentleman offered to make Oath of it, Mr. *Corn*——cutter liſt up his ſpacious Noſe and ſmartly askt "how he could know bet-"ter than the man that did it?

Earn. And a wiſe Queſtion it was, conſidering the man; but I have heard that whole ſtory already and laugh'd at it. But have you no News?

Jeſt. Only that Whiggiſm declines ſenſibly; they are forc'd now to court the Oſtlers and Carmen, who carried ſomething for 'em in the Suburbs laſt St. *Thomas*, while the more conſiderable parts of the City acted Loyally.

Earn. I believe ſo too: The many honeſt men who by an eaſineſs perhaps excuſable were wrought upon to concur with their ſpecious deſigns, are now undeceiv'd; and the Faction being ſtrip'd of all thoſe that could give credit to their Pretences, appears in its true colours and alarms every Loyal man. And indeed who that had any Religion, would truſt it to the Patronage of thoſe that never own'd any? The weak *Abſalom* and the crafty *Achitophel* were once reputed (God bleſs us) the ſupporters of the Proteſtant cauſe; In thoſe days Sir *F. W.* was a man of Argument, forſooth, and Sir *T. P.* a Pink of Eloquence, *Zimri* was a Saint, and *Nadab* a Man of God.

Jeſt. So have I ſeen a luſty Puſs, that had travel'd the Houſe-tops without fear and baffled many a ſtout Maſtiff, at laſt thrown into a River, ſhe catches every Bulruſh and meaws to each ſhore, but the firſt being too weak to ſuſtain her long, and the latter too remote to give her help, ſhe ſinks at laſt, and ſhits and dies. Poor Puſs!

Earn. And this you take to be the caſe of Whiggiſm in this our day. As you ſay, they have tried all that were like to befriend um, Fools and Cuckolds of high degree, and in the City, the greateſt Extortioner, the worn-out Whore-maſter, the broken *Ignoramus*-man, and the niggardly Mouſe-ſtarver, the drunken Fop and the cringing Ape have been engaged; but all this failing, they are forc'd to apply themſelves to the Rout, and in them is all their truſt.

Jeſt. Well, but I hope they ſtill give the World now and then a choice Pamphlet to patch up their broken Cauſe.

Earn. True, but even thoſe are grown lank too; poor *Implement* was fain to ſerve himſelf with an Affidavit from *Betty Hill* and others of *Briſtol*, to fill out his laſt Paper.

Jeſt. But now you talk of *Implement*, what's the matter with *Partridge* the Star-gazer?

Earn.

Earn. Why, among other things he abuſes, as I hear, the late Parliament, and in his Chronology he gives the World to know how long 'twas *ſince King* Charles I. *DIED*, and how long ſince Sir *Edmun*-bury Godfrey *was MURTHERED.*

Jeſt. A ſpecial Youth! that man muſt certanly be blind that ſees not from this and innumerable other circumſtances, what kind thoughts theſe men would have to be entertain'd of that their former barbarous Rebellion and horrid Murther. But I hear *Colcheſter Hick* is come abroad again, I thought we had not the *whole truth* before, and therefore 'tis ſaid he has eak'd it out with a little *more.* Pray what would he be at?

Earn. I will not tell you, indeed Brother?

Jeſt. Not tell me! truly according to Mr. *Baxter's* Poetry, *page 6.*

I thought ſo wiſely we had made the twiſt,
To love Me and Thy ſelf might well conſiſt.

Earn. To tell you the truth then, I know not what to make of the deſign of the whole Treatiſe. At moſt all I can gather at this time from it, is that *Hick* has been poſſeſt lately by the *ſpirit of Foppery* he talkt of ſo much in his *Curſe ye Meroz*, and being caught in the Corn, has been put in the Pound. And like little Children newly whip'd that ſcratch their Breeches and hate the Rod; ſo *Hick* takes no notice of his own demerit, but talks ſaucily to the Arch-Biſhop and rails at the Civil-Lawyers, *O Doctors Commons, Doctors Commons, ab ovo uſque ad mala*, we have no other Tune; for he never loved coherent ſenſe and therefore it cannot be expected of him: ſo that at firſt I lookt upon his wiſe Work to be *Oliver's* Porters ſayings taken in Short-hand from his own mouth.

Jeſt. But I met t'other day with a Paper call'd *An Anſwer to an Order being an Anſwer to a Letter, by D. R.* there's a choice thing, *An Anſwer to an Anſwer*; then he begins, and ſays, "that having "conſidered the ſame as far as his weak Capacity "(God help him) will allow him, he'l give a "ſhort Anſwer: hoping a more perfect Anſwer "from a better Lawyer (Modeſty!) and firſt, for "Anſwer ——.

Earn. If this Order ben't fully *anſwer'd*, 'tis ſtrange.

Jeſt. And ſo 'tis, for the Author ſays in the firſt place for anſwer, that *in his Judgment he wonders at it.*

Earn. What kind of Anſwer is that? but then *ſecondly* what?

Jeſt. Nay, if you'l have any more, you muſt go to the Cooks for't. I can find no *ſecondly* for it. All the reſt of the Book contains nothing but his reaſons for Wondering.

Earn. However, let us have a few of them.

Jeſt. I'le only give you a little taſte of his firſt Reaſon, The Order (ſays he) for putting the Laws in Execution ſhould not have been put forth, becauſe 'tis againſt *the ſenſe of the Nation declared by our Repreſentatives in two or three late Parliaments.* And quickly after comes the Vote of *Jan.* 10. in a Law-Letter. But how came this to be the *ſenſe of the Nation?* I thought that only could truly be called *the ſenſe of the Nation*, which has paſt into a Law: or are the King and Houſe of Lords no part of the *Nation?* And then for *three* Parliaments, I am ſure *one* is as much as he can make out.

Earn. Prethee Brother, don't take ſo much pains to confute an Opinion, that has been already ſo fully expoſed, that a Vote can ſuſpend a Law.

Jeſt. Well, but he goes on, *If this be ſo, then the ſentiments of the Juſtices and the whole Commons of* England *do vaſtly differ.*

Earn. And what if they did, Goodman *R.* though you are not certain of this neither. 'Tis a year ſince this Vote, and the Caſe is altered; the Whigs began to have fine Projects in their Heads, and were according to very credible Evidence about to put 'em into Act, ſo that no doubt the ſentiments of the Commons and the Juſtices may be now the ſame.

Jeſt. Nay, if that won't do, then there's an an end of his firſt Reaſon for Wondering; and I have not patience to run through the whole. Let's hear ſomewhat of the Pacquetteer.

Earn. He tells you in his laſt *p.* 27. that *Sacriledg* is but a *Bug-bear*, whatever St. *Paul* intimated to the contrary; his Fingers itch at the Church-Plate ever ſince he was laſt at Service; and to keep his Hand in ure has rob'd a great Body of an Appellation he had beſtow'd upon a better man than himſelf, *viz.* that of *Powder-monkey*; and thrown it upon perhaps the ſame perſon.

Jeſt. Sir *Unworthy* then has no luck with his Complements, for one of his monſtrous wiſe Common-Council men t'other day at *Child's* had rifled his Common-place-Book, and threw out all his meek terms of *beggarly, pitiful, pay your debts*, &c. in ſuch a rage, as might have ſcar'd one that did not know the green Ribband-men to be no Fighters.

Earn. As low as he bows, he has an indifferent hand at railing and calling of Names, and, it may be, left ſome Rules with *Pug* and *Thumb* in order to improve them in his own Art. But beſide this *Harry* has given you a nonſenſical Letter, which he ſays was taken up in the ſtreet, and he does not know what to make on't, but he would give a Guiney for the anſwer to't, becauſe he loves *Replies* much.

Jeſt. As for the Guiney, 'tis a word *Hal* has has not been us'd to, but I would have him think again how far ſuch a thing will go in Milk, Butter, Cheeſe, *&c.* which may chance do more towards filling a mans belly than a diſh of *Replies.*

Earn. The Title of it is *The Copy of a Letter from a Roman Catholick in* Albania *to a Popiſh Prieſt in* Albionia.

Jeſt. We cannot ſuppoſe this Title ſuperſcrib'd; ſo that *it* muſt be of his own making, for how ſhould he know the perſon that ſent, and to whom? ſo that it being plainly *Harry's* nown Cub, he may well ſay he *knows not what to make of it.*

Earn. The ways of expreſſion natural to him betray it, as "To *congratulate* a man's own news; "to recognize *pretenſions*; to diffuſe Maxims; and "many others:

Jeſt. Nay, if he have no better skill in *forging*, and yet ſo great a mind to't as to do't for nothing, he'l ſoon come to th' Pillory.

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